

The story so far... Sarah has been spanked in front of Harry in 'The Ark in Space' and found it an especially humiliating experience. In 'The Sontaran Experiment', Styre's hallucinatory tests on her have put her through, and combined, some of her greatest fears, which include being spanked on her bare bottom, and being spanked by Harry. It was Harry who rescued her from the experiment, but her imaginary experiences at his hands (and across his knee) have made her standoffish and snappy with him. Not knowing what went on in her mind, he thinks this is singularly ungrateful...

Nothing has changed at the start of 'Genesis of the Daleks'. Sarah picks on Harry at every opportunity. His efforts to save the Doctor from the landmine are met with sarcasm, to the Doctor's dismay. Once they are in the trench, the Doctor decides he's going to have to have a word with her. 'I can't have you two bickering around me,' he says. 'Our mission here is too important. And Harry really didn't deserve what you said to him back there. Why, if I didn't know better I'd think you were asking for a good...'

The whizz of a gas shell interrupts the talking-to, and before Sarah can be told exactly what she deserves, they have to save themselves by getting the respirators from the dead sentries. And after that, Sarah is separated from her friends for quite a stretch of the story. Nemesis will be taking its time...

We jump forward now to Part 3. Sarah has led the slave revolt against the Thals but failed to make her escape up through the rocket silo. In this version, the Thal guard who recaptures her is slightly less nasty: instead of deliberately pushing her off the ledge and sadistically letting her dangle, he saves her when she trips. Then, when she's safe, he remarks that after all the trouble she has given them, he might have let her fall if only they didn't need the slave labor. So he's not an entirely nice guy either; and it's back to work for Sarah, until the rocket is completely loaded...

The Thal overseer tells the slaves they can all take a rest now, all except Sarah: he still has a score to settle with her. In due course he will hand her over to face formal Thal justice after the rocket has been fired, but he knows they will be merciful in victory and she will escape scotfree. So he'll have to exact a small measure of justice himself, right now. He pulls her towards him, sitting down in the same motion, and Sarah lands flat across his lap with her thighs out straight behind her and her orange boots pointing at the roof high above. Sarah thanks her stars she chose culottes back on Nerva: if she has to get another spanking, at least it's one she'll be getting fully clothed!

The Thal raises his right hand high and brings it down hard. The slap is more muffled than Sarah is now used to, but even through culottes, pantyhose and panties she can feel the sting of the impact and lets out a yell. The other slaves look in her direction with listless incredulity.

Another smack, a third, a fourth land across Sarah's wriggling bottom. The Thal

grins: it's a tiny fraction of what she deserves, but he's starting to enjoy himself. He raises his arm again ... and it's pulled backwards, straining his muscles and joints. Then a fist connects with his jaw and he topples over backwards, with the hapless Sarah rolling off his lap and over his senseless face.

Harry rubs his knuckles while the Doctor gently lays the unconscious Thal's right arm in a more comfortable position beside him. Sarah looks up from her undignified position. `Harry,' she says, `once in a while, d'you think you could try arriving *before* the nick of time, not just after it?'

`Don't be ungrateful, Sarah,' says the Doctor, then tells the slaves they're free and should get out while they have a chance. `As for you two,' he says, turning to Sarah and Harry, `I need you to get back to the Kaled dome.'

`Can't I stay with you?' says Sarah.

`You're going back to the Kaled dome with Harry,' says the Doctor firmly. `It's much too dangerous here.' She pouts. `Unless you want me to carry on where that Thal left off?'

Sarah gives a little frustrated squeak and kicks up her leg at the back, then goes sulkily with Harry. And she certainly doesn't like going down the trapdoor into a dusty underground passage... Meanwhile the Doctor turns to the task of defusing the rocket, unaware that the Thal Harry knocked out is coming round, just in time to provide the episode with a cliffhanger...

On now to Part 5, and Sarah has been continuing to give Harry a harder time than he deserves. She is especially upset at the way her appearance has deteriorated in the course of her time on Skaro. `I just want to get cleaned up,' she says. `I mean, look at this!' She pulls at the front of her sweater, and dried mud crumbles off it.

`Honestly, Sarah,' says Harry. `Daleks on our tail and you're worried about your jumper!'

Sarah looks murderous. `Harry, you're...' She can't quite find the insult she wants.

`... an imbecile?' suggests the Doctor wryly.

Sarah flashes them both a look of exasperation, and changes the subject. `There must be somewhere around here I can get a wash!'

`Well, I thought I saw a storeroom back there,' says the Doctor. `There might be a sink. You might even find a change of clothes.'

Sarah vanishes. From further up the corridor comes the sound of a slamming

door.

`What have I said now?' says Harry.

`Someone's going to have it out with her, Harry.'

`Yes, and it's bally well going to have to be me!'

`Well, there's no time like the present, Harry.'

`You're right, Doctor,' says Harry, and makes to follow her.

`But Harry...'

`Yes, Doctor?'

`Not too hard.'

Harry frowns, clearly not knowing what he is talking about, then shrugs and goes on his way.

Meanwhile, Sarah has found herself some new clothing in the storage room, and begins to change. She is startled when Harry blunders in just as she has removed her culottes and laddered pantyhose. She pulls the discarded garment over herself and blushes. `Harry, I'm in my panties!'

`Sorry,' says Harry sheepishly, then tries to make the best of it. `Still, could be worse, old thing. I have already seen...'

`Not this pair, you haven't,' cuts in Sarah tersely, not caring to be reminded of the spanking he saw her get back on Nerva in `The Ark in Space'. `And I thought I told you not to call me a thing!'

`Sorry, old girl,' he says, not noticing Sarah's infuriated look. `It's just like this: the Doctor and I think you're not being quite yourself, and...'

`Just clear off and let me change, will you?' snaps Sarah.

`Now that's just what we...' Harry gets no further as Sarah lands an openhanded slap across his face. Harry resists the urge to rub his cheek. `I ought to put you across my knee,' he says firmly.

She shoots him a look of withering contempt. `You're not the Doctor,' she says. `And anyway, there isn't room in here!'

`We'll see about that, my girl!' Harry makes a grab for her. In the act of dodging him, she drops the clothes she is covering herself with and stands there exposed

in her ill-assorted bra and panties. Her bra is white, her panties black with a colorful flower print and white lace trim. Her momentary dismay is all Harry needs. Suddenly he has her and is sitting down on a storage box. As she goes down across his knee, Sarah realizes that she has talked herself into the very thing she most wanted to avoid...

Harry realizes that his position has gone from compromising to *very* compromising, with Sarah bottom up over his lap. There's only one thing for it now: as a gentleman, he will just have to go through with it. With his left hand he takes a firm grip on her naked midriff, and brings the right down hard on the decorated curves of her cotton bottom.

`YEOW!' says Sarah. `That hurt, you oaf!'

`Oaf, is it?' Every doubt melts away from Harry's mind, and he proceeds to give Sarah a resounding spanking. Sarah screams and her bare feet kick the air, but Harry is determined to make it quite plain what he came in here to do. Sarah's state of undress was just a coincidence, a piece of misfortune. Sarah probably agrees as each smack sears through the thin covering, and before long there are tears of mixed pain and indignation running down her cheeks.

Finally Harry sets her on her feet. Sarah's hands go straight to the seat of her panties. `I'll get even with you, Harry Sullivan, if it's the last thing I do.'

He looks her in the eye. `And if you try, I'll spank you again. Harder.' And with that he leaves the room.

Sarah huffily struggles into her newfound combat pants, and winces as she fastens them. They would be a little too tight across the seat at any time, but after what has just happened to her... She sets her jaw defiantly. Never mind: she won't let Harry spank her again, and even if he does, he isn't the Doctor, and he'll never get these down, so he certainly won't be seeing her panties again, not ever...